

Juvenilia SACRA,

O R

Divine Youthfull Meditations ;

CONSISTING,

Of a Dialogue between Christ
and the Soul.

A Preparation to the Lords
Supper.

Characters of the Pious and
Impious Man.

Of the Good, and Wicked Woman.

The Four Quarters of the Year.

Ten Historicall, Ten Scripture, and
Ten Occasional Applications.

By, P. B. Gent.

London, Printed by Tho. Mabb, for John
Playfere, at the White Bear in the Upper Walk
of the New-Exchange, 1 6 6 4.

Perlegi hunc Libellum cui
Titulus (Juvenilia Sacra) in
quo nihil reperio sanæ fidei Di-
scipline Ecclesiæ Anglicæ aut
bonis moribus contrarium.

Jon. Hall R. D. Episc.
Lon. à sac. Domest.

Mar. 15.
1663.





TO HIS

Honoured Friend,

Francis Dashwood Esq;

SIR,

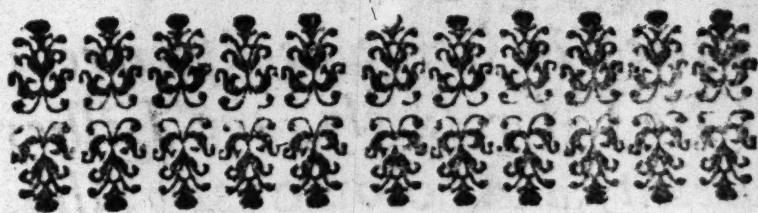
I Have Read of *Pylades* and
Orestes and many others,
but the Past, Present, or
Future Age, have not; nor
will never Produce such a
Stupendious Example of
Friendship, as Yours to me;
which though I cannot
Requite, yet I will never
A 2 Cease

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Cease to Acknowledge. I
here Present You the Fruits
of my Youthfull Idle Hours
and it will be a Repetition of
your former Courtesie, to
Protect and Accept such a
Trifle; yet therein You have
Your own Picture drawn in
the Character of my Pious
Man, which if it be not to
the Life, the World will
conclude, that it is not be-
cause You wanted Merit;
but the Unskilfulness of,

Your Humble Servant,

P. B



Courteous Reader,

P*Erhaps in the Perusal of
my little Book, thou
mayest think me too Sa-
tyrical, but I hope thy Ingenuity
will apply these Invectives to
those, unto whom they were di-
rected, to the Vicious; for mis-
take me not, I am none of those
that think all they which wear
black patches, cannot go to Hea-
ven, I only aime at such, as hang
them out as the Ensignes of Lust;
neither do I carp at all that are
A 3 attired.*

To the Reader.

*attired in Gorgeous Apparel:
(No) for surely, the Lillies
Beauty, and Solomons Royalty,
was not displeasing to God; But
only at such who are proud in
them, that hug their Invention
s for devising fantastique fa-
shions, that spend most of their
time, in pruning of their Locks,
and setting those Netts to catch
Fools, Suppose you should be
Enamoured of a false, though a
seeming Lovely Beauty, and at
the Instant of the Injoyment of
your Imaginary Heaven, when
your Sun should disrobe her self
of her Shroud; If then I say in-
stead of the Beams of a dazzling
Beauty,*

To the Reader.

Beauty, you should meet with nothing but Deformity ; Those Tresses which you have Esteemed as the Netts of Cupid, as the Beams of the Sun, should prove the horrid spoils of the dead ; and those teeth which you call'd Pearles, should be false, as her self, and confin'd each night, into a Box ; would not this fright your resolution ? This is all that I have endeavour'd to do, to unmask the Strumpet, and shew you her ugly Visage, hoping it may perswade you no longer to serve so deformed a Mistris ; Here thou wilt finde Heavenly Milk for Babes ; Counsel for Young Men,

To the Reader.

Men, and such was I, being but sixteen when I wrote most of them; hereafter when my Judgment grows Riper with my Tears, I shall endeavour to give thee more solid food; If you reap any Fruit by the perusal of my Book, I am too well paid for my Labour in Composing it;

Thine P. B.




Heaven



*Heaven and Earth in a
Dialogue betwixt
the Soul and
Christ.*

CHRIST.

I.  H Foolish Soul !
how often have
I displayed unto
thee the Beau-
ties, and Riches
of Heaven, pro-
pos'd such Glories as thy dim eyes
were too weak to behold ; Why
wilt thou feed on huskes ? empty
pleasures, when thou mayest be sa-
tisfied with Heavenly Manna, and
O. B. 45. Fountains

Fountains of ever Living Waters?
 why will you walk in the wayes of
 Sin? which are black as Egyptian
 darkness, horrid and full of preci-
 pices, and decline the milkie paths
 of Heaven which are smooth, and
 full of Innocency.

SOUL.

2. True Lord, but yet my Darling
 World, comes with ten thousand
 charms, and ravishes my Soul, and
 can those paths be unpleasant,
 which are strewed with pleasure,
 and paved with love, if thy paths
 are so smooth, how then comes it
 that thy Servants so often stumble
 in them, sure they are either rug-
 ged, or as you say hells are, so they
 are dark, tis the Poets milkie way
 is full of Stars.

CHRIST.

2. Thy Darling, and all her
 Charms will soon leave thee; dost
 thou

Heaven and Earth. 3

thou trust to terrene pleasures ?
Alas the World is but a rotten
staire to mount up to Glory ; Had
Jacobs Ladder had one such round
in it, he could never have mount-
ed up to Heaven by it ; Could'st
thou by the eye of Faith, but see
the beauty of holiness, the charms
of thy Saviour, how would thy
enlarged Soul be ravished with
them ; and if there be any rubbs
in Heavens path, there are no pre-
cipices, they do but stumble, not
fall ; whereas the wicked, when
they are once fallen, are like the
Elephant, they seldome rise ; and
as the Poets, so is Heavens milkie
way full of Stars ; it is stuck full of
the Pious Examples of my Saints,
which may serve as so many Con-
stellations to guide thee ; And I
thy Saviour am thy North Star, by
which if thou doest steer , thou
canst not erre.

4 *Heaven and Earth.*

SOUL.

4. But Lord are not thy paths more rugged then those of sin, Loves fire with a kind of mistick heat onely cherishes our Souls, and who would not rather live in such a flame, then such as do thy Servants, who are consumed by that of Martyrdom; what are thy cares but deaths heads, sighs and tears, and are these thy pleasures? is this Heavens banquet?

CHRIST.

5. The Paths of sin seem smooth, but alas they are paved with thorns, though sin hath subtilly covered them with flowers, and guilded her poison: Hells flames are not so black as those of lust, instead of cherishing thy Soul, it preyes upon it; whereas the Fire of Martyrdom, doth make you like Gold to come out of it more glorious:

Heaven and Earth. 5

glorious: And if Deaths Heads,
Sighs and Tears, are such harsh
food unto thee, it is because thou
knowest not how to use them a-
right, and besides this thou shalt
eat Celestial Manna, and if all this
will not please thee thou shalt by
faith eat my Flesh, and drink thy
Saviours Blood.

S O U L.

6. When I assault a Beautie,
what delight it is to see what pret-
tie shifts it will make, to avoid be-
ing conquered, how sometimes I
am forced to let mine eyes, showre
on her stonie heart, till their con-
tinual dropping have worn away
its hardness? what prettie devices
it makes us invent, when Doves
are our Post-Masters, how some-
times I seek to bribe my prettie
Enemie with gifts, and then how
I glory in my Conquest? my thinks

6 *Heaven and Earth.*

Cesar did not so well deserve a triumph, for subduing the Universe, as I for Vanquishing my little World.

CHRIST.

7. And I will teach thee how thou shalt woe Heaven, how thou shalt make the Heavens bow, and come down, and catch thy pious whispers, and my Holy Dove shall be the Carrier of them, and bring them into my Fathers bosome, and thus shalt thou subdue Heaven, and thousands of Angels shall rejoyce at thy Victory, and thou shalt ride in Triumph on a Cherubs wings, and thus shalt thou enter the everlasting Gates of the King of Glory.

SOUL.

8. How do the Ravishing Charms of a beautilous Face allure my Soul? Who would not be an Astronomer in such a Skie? O! I could

Heaven and Earth. 7

could eternally gaze on her faire Stars, and view the mistick Circles, and Lines of that little Heaven.

CHRIST.

9. How then wouldest thou be ravished at thy Saviours Beauties? when Angels themselves, are not Eagles enough, to behold such a Sun, without vailing their faces with their wings.

SOUL.

10. Oh but then her eyes have a powerfull influence over me? with what a Divine Light they pierce through my Soul? How doth it ravish my heart to behold those prettie Babies in them? how like airie Cherubs they dance on our twisted Beams? Had *Adam* fallen for such Apples, he had in some sort been more excusable.

CHRIST.

11. And wilt thou loose Hea-

B 4

ven

ven again for an Apple? If her eyes are Stars, they are blazing ones, and such as portend thy Ruine. *Troy* had stood, had not *Hellens* eyes set it on Fire; Thou wilt prove but a bad *Pilate* if thou Stearest by those Stars; Ah how Glorious, how full of charming Innocency must thy Saviours eyes be, which as my Spouse sings, are as the Doves, washed with milk.

S O U L.

12. Who can see her cheeks? and not admire their rich Carnation? or who but views the Cherries of her Lips, and would refuse such a Banquet?

C H R I S T.

13. And canst thou not forbear to quaffe poison, because it is in a ruby Cup? If her Cheeks be Beds of Roses, dost thou not care if thou art smothered in them?

Heaven and Earth. 9

them ? Oh how fragrant are the
Roses of thy Saviours Cheeks ?
how soft are those beds of Spices ?
how sweet must his Lips be ? That
like Lillies drop with sweet smel-
ling Myrrhe ?

S O U L.

14. Can she be lesse then Hea-
ven ? From whom the same effects
proceed ? Doth not the Lightning
of her eyes, like that of Heaven,
melt the soul, yet spare its sheath ?
Is there not the Harmony of the
Sphears, in her tongue ? If man be
called alittle world, surely woman
is alittle Heaven, and then what
mistick fetters are her locks ? when
Kings in the midst of Mighty
Armes have been enchained by
them ? And how Lord am I able
to break those fetters, when the
great *Sampson*, he to whom the
strongest bonds, were but as Flax
before

10 *Heaven and Earth.*

before the Fire, was manacled by them?

CHRIST.

15. And if Beauty do spread her locks to catch thee? must thou needs be taken? Tis the degenerate Flie, is trapt in the subtil net of a Spiders web, the Noble Eagle breaks through such a weak toile.

SOUL.

16. How doth the presence of my fair one Chear my heart? those Clouds of sorrow which benighted my Soul, fly away at the approach of my fair Sun; But ah! her absence is my Hell? then my eyes are loath to open their lidds, since that which onely was pleasing to them is gone, unlesse it be to free a tear, which they detained in their Cristal Prisons.

CHRIST.

17. Foolish Soul, thus to Joy
when

when thy ruine is near, and bewail
it absent? were those tears shed,
because thy Son of Righteousnesse
had withdrawn his face, they were
worthily spent, indeed thou
shouldest resemble the pretty Mary
Gold, which when night is come,
and it is deprived of its beloved
object, it hangs down its weak
head, and washes its Cheeks in
tears; but as soon as its Sun ap-
pears, it advances its Crown, and
displaies its Saffron Cheeks, and if
any tears appear on them, they are
tears of Joy; For after a while I
will come unto thee again, and
comfort thy sick soul with Apples,
and kisse away thy tears with the
kisses of love, and I will fill thy
heart with joy, till it over-flow its
banks, and I will leave thee no
more, but we will fly to the Moun-
tains of Myrrhe, to the Hills of
Fran-

12 *Heaven and Earth.*

Frankincense, and there will I give thee my Loves, there shalt thou enjoy pleasures and beauties, as lasting as yours are fading.

SOUL.

18. Can that Beauty be fading, that hath a continuall Summer in its Cheeks for forty years? And how can the Lillies of her Cheeks wither? seeing they have two such Chrystal Fountains, as her eyes to water them, two such Suns to cherish them, with their heat and influence.

CHRIST.

19. Alas how short a moment is thy forty years, to the eternity of thy Saviours Beauty? Dost thou place thy Felicity in such fading Beauties, when in that space its Lillies and Roses shall wither? and then not all her Charms, nor her Angels voice shall bribe Death;
the

Heaven and Earth. 13

the silent Rhetorick of her eyes
shall not woe him to defer the
stroke one moment; but those
Chrystal Fountains shall be dried
up, and darknesse possesse the
Orbes of those fair Suns.

S O U L.

20. But Lord there are more
variety of pleasures in the service
of sin, then in thine; sometimes
sweet society joyes my soul; some-
times again I recreate my self, sit-
ting by the sweet murmurs of
some purling Brookes, and bathing
in it, or under the shade of some
lovely Grove.

CHRIST.

21. This, and more then this
can I give thee, thou shalt sit with
greater pleasure under the shad-
dow of my wings, thou shalt sit
by the streams of Righteousnesse,
and bath thy Soul in them, thou
shalt

14 *Heaven and Earth.*

shalt commune with Heaven it self
and quiers of Angels with Joyfull
Hallelujahs, shall salute thy Eare.

S O U L.

22. Sometimes my Fancy is
both pleased and busied, to view
magnificent Palaces, how their
Towring heads seem to kisse the
Clouds, the statelineffe of their
Gates, the Richnesse of their pave-
ments, and glittering with Gold.

C H R I S T.

23. And I will carry thee to
the New Jerusalem, to my Fathers
Mansions, whose every Gate is
Pearle, the Streets are paved with
Gold, and precious Stones, that
which is now thy Idol, thou shalt
then tread under thy feet, and how
glorious a reflex must they make,
being guilded by the Beams of the
Son of Righteousnesse, there is
no other Son, the Glory of God
and

and the Lamb are the Light thereof; And then wilt thou say, Fool that I was, I had thought that thy Jerusalem, had been like one of our Citties.

SOUL.

24. They say Riches have wings and fly away; true they fly away, but then they send me home in their stead, sweet Wines delicious Cates, and gorgeous Apparel, and who would part with such beloved Minions, since they make me respected of all? Nay I think my self almost a God, whilst I walk in the midst of my thousands of Angels.

CHRIST.

25. If they are Angels, they are evil ones, they fly away, and send thee home sweet Wines, and delicious Cates, that is Feavers, and Surfets, dost thou trust to such help?

16 *Heaven and Earth.*

helps? as are swallowed in the curling of *Neptunes*, or thy Princes frown? But wilt thou be Rich indeed? Oh! then Treasure up thy Wealth in Heaven, if thou wilt put out thy money to the highest Interest, put it out to the Poor, and then thou needest not fear to loose it, for God himself is their security, and surely he is sufficient to repay thee?

S O U L.

26. Surely they are deceived, that say a Crown hath more Thorns then Jewels in it; That Ambition is a Mountain, whose ascent is craggie, and its top of Glasse; If State be a Prison, tis a Golden one, and who can be more secure then he that is encompassed with huge Armes? with what raptures is my soul inspired, to see it self elevated above the Common Rank,

Heaven and Earth. 17

Rank, like some New Star stuck
in the Firmament, the Object of
all mens eyes and wonder.

CHRIST.

27. If thy Prison be of Gold, the
more is thy misery, for it is the
stronger. A silly Shepheard is a
far more happy King then thou;
whiles he makes a Mole-Hill his
Throne, none seek to rend it from
him, and being but low, his Fall
cannot be Great, his Innocent Sub-
jects obey his Voice, and without
murmuring pay him the Tribute
of their Silver Fleeces : But thou
deceivest thy self in thy Security
on a Throne; Do'st thou think to
escape Storms and Thunder by as-
cending a Mountain? If thou wilt
ascend unto the Stars indeed, thou
must do it by descending, for hu-
mility is the readiest flight to Hea-
ven, and that is a path so plain
C and

18 *Heaven and Earth.*

and smooth, thou needest not fear
falling, and there alone thou
canst rest secure, for Legions of
Angels shall be thy Guard, and
thousands of Cherubins with
their flaming Swords defend thee

SOUL.

28. But Lord I am a Souldier
and shall I forego my Fame which
speaks me great, and Rings
through the Universe? Whilst
I carve out a Monument of my own
Glory with my Sword, where it
perish it is Nobly, and in the Be-
of Honour.

CHRIST.

29. Thy Fames story must be
writ with thy own Blood, thy ga-
ping wounds must be the mouth
to speak thee Famous, see at what
a rate thou purchasest empty Ho-
nour? And wilt thou for a blast of
breath, lose thy own breath, and

It be in a bad Cause, thy Soul too?
But if thou fightest under my Ban-
ners, thou shalt subdue Sin and
Hell, Monsters and Devils, and
every drop of blood thou loosest,
I will Esteem as a Pretious Ruby.

S O U L.

30. What though I have not
Virtue? Yet I can look so like her,
that simple ones can call me pious.

C H R I S T.

31. But thou must be pious, and
not onely seem so, else thy God
when he comes to bind up his Jew-
els, will easily discern such *Bristow*
Stones from Diamonds, and give
thee the reward of Hypocrites.

S O U L.

32. But Lord, thy Servants, do
not only lead a life full of Misery,
but often leave this Life with a
bloody *Exit*.

C 2

C H R I S T.

CHRIST.

33. Alas, my Yoak is easy to all them that bear it, for my Spirit strengthens them in all their troubles, nay I can make them even in love with Death it self, and sweeten that bitter Cup to them.

SOUL.

34. Surely Death is a grim Servant, what can there be in him to enamour me, is it his Beauty? Ah no! Night and Darkness are in his face, his Embraces are rough, he darts not smiles, but a deadly shaft, and is this a Beauty to be ravished with?

CHRIST.

35. Is a Feast the worse, because a Black-amoores Ushers thee to it? Such is Death, or else Death is but like a dark Vaile drawn o're thy face; and although thou dost sit in a scarlet Cloud, yet thou shalt
rise

rise again with greater Lustre of
Immortality and Glory.

S O U L.

36. Thou art all sweet oh my
Saviour, thou hast overcome, and
now I find all my supposed de-
lights but as a dream; Now I see
my *Delila's* Deformity, She that I
once thought fair as Heaven, but
I now look on her eyes as *Nauplius*
false Light set to draw the *Grecians*
to their Ruines; on her Cheeks,
as beds that for one Rose bear a
thousand Thorns; on her lips, as
soft wax wherewith we sealed ma-
ny a wicked bargain; on her locks
as fatall Giues that have kept me
too long a Prisoner; that bosome
which I called Loves Tempe, is
now as a Valley hideous with
Thorns; her voice is as the Screetch
Owles which bodes destruction;
Oh that foolish man should trust

these Syrens; Farewell, for ever
all you false Beauties, farewell my
Delilahs : I will sigh no more, to
puffe the spark of Affection into a
flame in my *Minions* breast, to thee
sweet Jesu shall they be sent; to
thee shall all my vowes be paid,
thou shalt be the Sun under whose
sweet influence I will desire to
live, thy Armes the Prison, from
which I will pray never to be
freed; when I sit by the murmurs
of a Brooke, it shall be to consider
its Obedience to its Makers Com-
mand, in paying the Tribute of its
water to the Sea; And how I have
run backwards; when I lye under
a Tree's fair shade, it shall be to ad-
mire the soft musick of its leaves,
as if every leafe were a tongue to
sing its Makers Praise, and how
mine hath either been silent or else
Blaspheming of him. I will be
Ambitious,

Heaven and Earth. 23

Ambitious, but it shall be of thy Favour; My Riches I'll distribute to the Poor, and then they will have wings indeed and take their flight to Heaven; The desires of my heart shall be to be dissolved, and to be with my Saviour; For Lord, the Walls of my Clayey Prison hinder my Soul from viewing thee fully, it can but peep through the Casements of my eyes, and so by reflex in thy word, see some weak glimmerings of thee; This, this is the way to make me a Conquerour, me thinks already my wars are done, and I have nothing now to expect but Rewards and Triumphs, hence forward is laid up for me a Crown of Life and Glory.

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A

PREPARATION TO THE LORDS SUPPER.

O Ur Blessed Saviour
knowing how weak
man is to perform his
Duty, least we should
faint in our Pilgrimage to the
New Jerusalem, hath provided for
our Sustenance his own flesh and
blood : A Food which the Angels
have not; do thou therefore run
often, and with Joy, to the Sup-
per of thy dearest Lord, and not
with

26 *A Preparation to the*

with the Israelites, seem to have Manna so long about thy Tents, that now thou loathest it; thou often faintest in thy Combat with Satan, and therefore hast often need of this Cordial, of this Chalice of blessing to comfort thee; and canst thou too often remember thy Saviour? Or is that which he hath done for thee not worthy thy memory? But have a care that thou comest prepared, for Bees suck honey from this flower, but Spiders poyson: And if thou unworthily receivest, this water of life will become as the waters of *Marah*, it will be bitter unto thy Soul: It is the Marriage Supper of the Lamb, put on therefore thy Royal Robes; but Purples or Tyrian silks is not the wedding Garment, wherewith thou must be cloathed, but Faith, Hope, Repen-
tance,

tance, Eucharist, and Charity ;
and now that Christ will come in
and Sup with thee, let not the fil-
thiness of the Room drive him
away.

*Aspicias ut veniant ad candida tecta
Columbæ,*

Accipiet nullas sordida turris aves.

And that spotlesse Dove will
not dwell in a polluted Soul ; and
therefore thus do thou prepare the
Cabinet of my heart, first wash it
thoroughly with Repentance tears,
then make it bright with Charity,
for the money thou givest in Alms
guilds thy foule ; hang it round
with Purity and Innocence ; let it
be paved with Love ; and least it
seem dark, alight in it the Lamp of
a holy Zeal. Thou must examine
thy self, and repent thee of all thy
sins ; Ah Crucifie them which have
Crucified thy Saviour ; thou must
not

not have the least affection for any
of them, no, not for thy Darling
Crown it with hatred and con-
tempt, which hath Crowned him
with Thorns, and why shouldest
thou spare thy Darling sins, when
the Almighty spared not his Be-
loved? And then think of the
greatnesse of thy sins; which
could not be expiated but by the
death of the Son of God: and then
with humble thoughts of thy self
with a broken heart receive a bro-
ken Saviour. Christ will not dwell
in a Den of Theeves, thou must
overturn the Tables fill'd with un-
lawfull gain, and cast out Fraud
and Covetousness, whipping them
out of the Temple of thy heart
thou must lay aside Anger, and
without Malice approach the Ta-
ble of the Lamb of peace; and
though the worldling had rather

Lords Supper. 29

fast sins false Delicates, yet do
thou hunger and thirst after this
food, Oh it proves sweet to the
thirsty Soul.

This duty of preparation ought
not to be the work of an hour, or
a day, for thy Soul is too filthy to
be cleansed in an hour, and thy Re-
bellious Lusts too stubborn to be
subdued in a day; and when thou
hast with the most diligent care,
and strictest zeal, prepared thy
heart, yet still confess thine own
filthiness, for indeed thou mayest
justly fear that thou shalt lodge
thy Saviour, as he was at his birth,
in a Stable amongst Beasts, in a foul
soul, amongst bad thoughts, and
evil desires; and therefore pray
that he would cleanse thee, and
then thou wilt be clean indeed;
thy poverty can be no excuse to
thee, for this is such a Garment
as

30 *A Preparation to the*

as every one may purchase.

• The happy hour being come
 approach with reverence, imagin
 your self at Gods Table, that you
 are at Supper in Heaven; hereby
 the eye of Faith thou mayest re
 present to thy self thy Saviours
 Passion writ in red Characters; the
 Sun of Righteousness setting in
 ruddy Cloud. Here thou mayest
 behold that lovely Rose of *sharon*
 purpled with his own blood; the
 Lamb of God worried by Wolves
 now he truly seems as a Lilly a
 mongst the Thorns, whilest Cru
 cified betwixt two Theeves; thou
 mayest behold him denyed by
 men whom Devils confessed, scot
 fed, and wounded, whom the
 Angels count it their highest Glo
 ry to reverence.

When thou seest the bread bro
 ken, ah then remember a torn Sa
 viour

viour; as thou tastest the sweetness of the wine, think what a bitter Cup he drank : see, see him stretching out his Arms ready to embrace thee, and fix'd with nails, as if to signifie they would be ever open : See those hands which healed others, now wounded ; that mouth praying for those which fill'd it with Gall and Vinegar : Consider what a weight did thy sins add to his Crosse, when he sunk under it; The Jewes Crown'd him with Thorns, but how many Thorns in that Crown were thy sins? The Thorns prick'd his Temples, and thy sins his Soul. Then remember the infiniteness of his love, doth he delight in the death of a sinner, who dyed that he might live? Would he have bought thee at such a dear rate, if he had not lov'd thee? He paid
for

32 *A Preparation to the*

for thee every drop of his heart
blood; Those were the Rubies
wherewith he purchased thy Re-
demption; and Lord what an ill
bargain thou seem'st to have of it
and almost to have been too pro-
fuse of thy Cœlestial Treasure, to
pay down such a price for a poor
worm, a clod of earth: How short
is all love to thine, who ever fed
his Friend with his own flesh and
blood? This Lord thou dost; and
least we should doubt of the reali-
ty of thy love, thou sufferest a
window to be made in thy side
that through it we might look
and see the sincerity of thy heart.

When thou canst thus represent
to thy self the Dolour of thy Sa-
viours Passion, what tears should
this extract from thy eyes? What
sighs from thy bosome? And if
thou art not fill'd with Compassion

tion, the very Earth and Rocks will rise up in Judgement against thee, for the Earth trembled, and the Rocks groan'd, and were rent asunder at his sufferings.

But this is not all, thou must not only commemorate thy Saviours death, but withall believe, that his wounds make thee whole; that his blood cleanses all thy spots, appeases his Fathers wrath, and subdues sin and hell; his Crosse was the Club wherewith our spirituall *Hercules* subdued all his and our Enemies; If thou canst thus receive thy Saviour, he will not only come in and Sup, but abide with thee for ever: A bundle of Myrrhe will thy Beloved be, and will lye all night betwixt thy breasts: thou mayest then be assured that thy sins are forgiven, thou hast Gods hand in the Scriptures, and the

D broad

34 *A Preparation to the*

broad Seals of Heaven, in this Sacrament, for the pardon of them. How bitter will the Worlds Delicacies tast after this feast? It is said of one, that he sold a Kingdom for a Cup of water; ah who would not, though he were Master of the Universe, sell it for one drop of the Chalice?

And now thy Christ being entered into thy Soul, entertain the great Guest with holy Discourses, desire him, since he hath cast out the strong man, now to keep possession; and Satan, knowing that he who hath so often overcome him is within, will be discouraged to assault thee any more; and if thou be Blind and Lame, the Sick and Leperous, were cur'd but with a touch of his Garments: Surely thou wilt be thoroughly healed, seeing that Jesus dwells in thy Soul; and then

return

Lords Supper.

35

return him Praises and Thanksgiv-
ing, because he hath brought thee
to his Banquetting House, and dis-
played his Banner of Love over
thee; and hath made thee sit down
under his shadow with great de-
light whilest his fruit hath been
sweet to thy tast; and do not thou
refuse to feed his Members with
Bread, who hath fed thee with the
Bread of Life; and now thou art
cleansed, take heed thou Defile
not thy self again; Alas, spots add
not to the Beauty of Christs
Spouse; and seeing he to Espouse
thee hath become bone of thy
bone, and flesh of thy flesh: and
hath left Father and Country, Hea-
ven and Glory, for Love of thee:
Ah, do not thou run after a second
Love; do but compare thy Spouse
to the deformity of Satan, and
then sure thou canst not be so stu-

D 2

pid;

36 *A Preparation to the, &c.*

pid, as to exchange a spotless Dove
for a Vulture : beauty, and him
that is the choicest of ten thou
sands, for a Blackamore, and De
formity : Let his Love therefore
alone satisfie thee, and thus when
the night of thy death is come
thou shalt go and enjoy thy Spouse
for ever.

CHA

CHARACTERS OF THE

PIOUS, } Man.
IMPIOUS, }

GOOD, } Woman.
WICKED, }

A Pious Man,

IS the only *Ulysses* that can passe by the *Syrens* of the Earth, and not be taken by them : the Strumpet World, spreads forth her Dangling Tresses to insnare him, warbles her most Ravishing Lays to Court him to her Embraces; but he like *Sampson* snaps his bonds in sunder, and all her Charming can

D 3

never

never induce him to Dance after
her Pipe. In the Glasse of his
Wisdom, he sees the Vanity of
the Delights of Lust; by it he per-
ceives the Lillies which the Lac-
vious fancy in their *Minion*
Cheeks, to be Lillies indeed, not
some and unsavory, therefore cha-
ge he is, and under the Roses of his
Lips, are hid prickles, which they
lye in Garrison to defend them
from the Rude Assaults of Lust.
His House is a little Church, his
Heart the Altar, whereon contin-
ually flames a Holy and Religious
Fire; Temptations may Assail
but not Conquer him, or if an
pleasure do take hold of him, it
but to make him tast their bitter
sweetness, that so he may the more
abhor them: He is above the
World, and being founded on the
Rock of his Salvation, he there

fits and laughs to see how the Ambitious man puffs and sweats, to Climb the craggy Mountain, Honour, from which he often irrecoverably falls. He is a Pious Dove, not Gall enough in him to provoke an injury, his mind is a Sea alwayes calme, neither the adverse puffs of Fortune, nor the nipping blast of Malicious Tongues, can raise one wave, or make it swell into the least Intemperate Anger, Afflictions cannot dismay him, for he knows them to be the Corrections of a Gracious Father, yea even at the Martyrs stake, like the pretty Nightingale against a Thorn, he can sweetly chaunt forth Hallelujahs to his God; and therefore needs not be smothered in a Chamber full of Roses, as a Tyrannous Emperour did his Servants, that they might meet with sweetnesse,

even in the bitterneſſe of Death
for he can find it in the middeſt of
the flames, which is to him but a
bed of Roſes; he hath often tug-
g'd and waſtled with Satan, and
though the Diſſel may give him a
half turn, or ſome little foiles, yet
yet he is alwayes fain to take them
fall himſelf; Nay ſometimes he
will prevaile with God, and by
his fervent Prayer, diſarme the
Almighty, as it were of his Thun-
der, and with his tears quench the
fire of his ſparkling Anger; His
Virtues Crown him with a ſtarry
wreath of Glory, in which he
Wealth, which others count their
greateſt Diamond, he Eſteems but a
leaſt ſpark, and if he rejoyce in
them, it is only that by poſſeſſing
them he is able to do good, and
ſuſtaine the bruised Reed; Him-
ſelfe is a Pearle above all his
Riches

Riches, for in Poverty he appears most Glorious, his Wealth at best is but the Gilded Casket, which incloses this Jewel, and the Shroud being gone, his Soul being open and uncovered, shines with greater Glory and Luster : In all Conditions he is content, and so in Rags enjoys a Kingdom, and will rather sit down with his poor Pittance, then make the Backs of the Poor, the Ladder to climb to the Gawdy Seat of Wealth. He thinks every Man Good, because he is so Himself; chide him, if your reproof be just, he will thank you; if unjust, his Innocence is his only Defence, and indeed an Impenetrable Armour, on which the Darts of Malice may Graze, but never Pierce : There is a Composed Calmness in his Soul, the Elements Warr not with one another, the

the Fire makes not the Water his
 boyle, Choller justles not Mild- He
 ness away; but all the Pegs being He
 wound up to their just height, his Sw
 Soul like a well tun'd Instrument, Go
 strikes an Harmony equall to that AC
 of the Sphears. He esteems a mo- ene
 derate State best, and therefore wh
 like the humble Briar, hath chosen hin
 a middle Station; not so low that ter
 Contempt can step upon him, nor bn
 so High, but that the Storms and is a
 Billows passe over his head. He Flo
 is a Star of the first Magnitude; a rie
 Tree, which like those in the Hef- Oc
 perian Garden bears Golden Ap- La
 ples. A Nose-gay, wherein his Ver- to
 tue's like so many pretty Flowers an
 send forth a Fragrant Sweetnesse, ari
 and happy is she whose Bosome is th
 possesst of so pleasing a Posy. He Gl
 never in better Company then
 when he is alone, for then will
 his

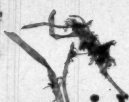
his soul commune with his God. He is knit unto his Friend by his Heart-strings, and nothing but the sword of Death can dissolve the Gordian Knot. His life is a well Acted Comedy, which alwayes ends with a happy Exit. Death which to others seems so Grim to him, appears of a smiling Countenance, and that deadly Draught but a spicy Cup. His good Name is a Pretious Ointment, a sweet Flower which shall Bud in Eternities Garden, and ever be a fragrant Odour in the Nostrils of Posterity. Lastly, He is a Phænix, it is rare to see two of his Kinde together, and out of his Funeral Ashes shall arise, young and glittering with the Beams of Immortality and Glory.

The

The Impious Man,

IS a strange Kinde of Monster made up of swine, Goat, and Vulture. The Tavern is his Church, his Mistris the Golden Calf, to which he dulier payes his Devotion, then to his Maker. His Mouth is a Cannon, which he alwayes keeps Charged with an Oath, and will out-goe any Cannoner in the Celerity of Discharge. He loves Mirth as his life, and cares not if he Dance a Jig to Hell. He is a weak unman'd Fort; no Vice, but at first Battery, makes a Breach into his soul; if satan does but present him with a Cherry from his Mistris's Lip, or an Apple of her eye,

he is as soon taken with the Beauty of them, as was *Adam* with his in *Paradice*, and never imagins it to be Forbidden Fruit, if he taste those Cherries in Lasciviousnesse. Before he could speak, he could speak Mischief; before he could goe, he could run in the wayes of sin. His Heart by its hardnesse, should be a Flint, and yet is none, for that hath Fire in it, but his not one sparke of Grace. Yet if God in his Mercy causes any Streams of Righteousness to flow out of him, he renues his Miracles in the Wilderness; and brings Water out of a Rock. He is a strange kinde of soyle, in which though Vertues seeds be sowne, will still bring up Wilde Oats, a Medly of Wickednesse, *Pandoras* Box was never fill'd with so many Evills. He has this Paradoxical custome to repair
to



to, a Hot-house in the midst of
summer, [as if he would practise
Hell here on Earth] and that not
to heat him, but quench his
Flames; but alas it often proves
too hot for him, and he is Scorched
and by a Hellish Fire too, and so
comes home by Weeping Crosse
He rises up early to Sin, and scorns
to be out-done by any man in mis-
chief, and so takes pains to pur-
chase Destruction, and large strides
to Hell. His Drunkenness de-
priving him first of his ration-
al soul, makes him a Beast, and
then of his senses also, and so he
becomes a meer stock, and yet
this man thinks himself in the
Right Way; but let him reflect
assured, that though we read of
the Good Thief who at last stole
into Heaven, yet never of any
man that Stagger'd in thither; He
greedily

greedily feeds on the Fruits of sin,
and is ravished with their false
sweetness, although they are but
Dainties drest by Hells Fire;
He is made up of wiles, and whilst
he smiles every dimple is a pit of
destruction, and every Syllable he
speaks a nooze to catch thee; he
is a slave to his Wealth, Satan
detains him Prisoner in Golden
Chains, and he is content with such
Fetters, and had rather enjoy the
company of an Angel in his poc-
ket, then in Heaven; but having
by extortion wrung an Estate out
of the very bowells of the Poor,
or by deceit increased his Store;
the Worme growes proud, and
stalks as if his head were above the
Clouds, or knockt at the Battle-
ments of Heaven, and every man
must strike saile to his pride, but
whilst he deceives his poor Neigh-
bour,

bour, at the same time Satan
cheats him of his Soul. Thus in
his prosperity he seems to have
the heart of a Lyon, or out-rore
the Thunder, but in misery that
of a Child, like a bladder he swells
with the least puffed, and is down
again with the least prick; and
yet sometimes his passions so blind
him, that the Wasp with an eager
fury will pursue an imaginary in-
jury; his revenge must be writ in
bloody Characters; but alas
whereas by other sins he goes by
degrees, by this he oftentimes
from the place of Combate, makes
but one leap into Hell; He is an
uselesse drone, and spends the
greatest part of his life in Glut-
tony and Drunkenness, in Gay-
eties and empty Vanities, and
may for fashion-sake, may send
forth a few Prayers, and Ejacula-
tions

ions, but they also are lame and
raggy wing'd, and never reach to
Heaven; Thus he regardleſſe lets
his Glaſſe run, as if his time were
of no value, whileſt the Pious Man
by ſpending it virtuously, eſteems
and makes every grain of ſand a
pearle, and thoſe very pleaſures
he imagines to injoy here, are
both vaniſhing and imperfect; In
the miſt of his delights, his con-
ſcience the bird in the breaſt, in-
ſtead of a ſweet Lullaby, ſings him
ſmall notes, interrupts his ſleeps,
and ſours his pleaſures; This is
his portion here, and without Re-
pentance he will be hereafter a
Fire-Brand of Hell, the object of
the Almighty's Indignation, the
receptacle of all thoſe Torments
which the wrath of Incenſed Ma-
jeſty, and Juſtice can Inſlict.

The Good Woman,

IS a white Rock, that Repells a
Shocks of Temptations, breaks
those fiery waves, and turns them
into froath; And as the pretty
Mary-Gold, will not turn it self
nor open its leaves, to any other
Light, to any other Star, but on
the Sun; So this sweet flower
all but her Husband is shut and
served; he is the Sun to whom
alone she opens her leaves, and
embraces; her arms are chain
strong enough to keep her Hu
band at home, and he is so taken
with that pleasing Captivity, that
when he considers how far
Nectar of her kisses, surpasses
sweetest wines, and the cherries
her lips the fruits of sin, they

ily perswade him to forsake all
lewd society. *Columbus* never dis-
covered such Mines of Treasure
in the vast Universe, as are in this
little World. She blushes at the
hearing of an obscene Speech, as
if her Cheeks hung out their red
flaggs of defiance, to such a rude
party.

She is commonly silent, or at
least she will be but the treble in
the consort, for low musick, and a
soft tongue, make alwayes the
sweetest Harmony; She is of an
humble spirit, and to all Cour-
teous and Affable, the windy prai-
ses of flatterers cannot pusse her
into pride, for beauty she knows
like the Glory of a Rain-bow, soon
passes away, and that those eyes
which they compare to the Sun,
are out-shined by the dwindling
Beams of a farthing Candle; If a

storm arise in her Husbands breast
as rain the winds, so one little
shower of her tears will allay its
blustering; her sighs will puffed out
the fire of his anger; she opposes
not his rising fury, but counts it
the best Victory, if as the *Scythians*
she can conquer by retreating.
Her Apparel is decent, though
not costly, she can be fair without
patches, and if her own native
beauty be not charming enough to
purchase her a Consort, she thinks
that none but fooles will be taken
with such poor baits, for surely a
good beauty, as well as good wine
needs no Bush; She seldome fixes
her eyes on any man, least some
one be vanquished, by continually
discharging her darts from those
Chrystal Quivers; neither will she
let those subtill spies to wander,
for the roving arrow, as well as the
directed

directed shaft may chance to hit the mark; Her husbands afflictions she makes her own, and by a secret sympathy seems to partake of the same griefs; he is her head, no wonder then, if she be troubled when her head akes; She loves not to dally with the flames of lust, nor play with Cupids shaft, for she knows edge tooles are sharp, and may cut her fingers.

Tears are the Beads of her Devotion, and she woos heaven so Nobly, and with such perseverance, that she will seldome let her God go without a blessing from him; She is up with the early Lark, and as that pretty Quirister when he first rises from his bed of Grasse, she sings some prayer or Ejaculation, and when her husband rises, it is like *Phæbus* full of blushes to see his *Hesper*, his

Morning Star, so duly usher him
to his taske.

She is a Casket full fraught with
Rich Jewels ; when Satan shewed
our Saviour all the Glories of the
World, this little World surely
was the greatest Wonder, the
greatest Temptation ; The saying
proves false in her, that there is
no Fortresse so strong, but that
an Asse laden with Gold may en-
ter, for the English mens Angels
can neither tempt her, nor their
Crowns allure her, nor the French
Pistols shoot her, Chastity dead.
She is the Crown of her Husbonds
joy, and it sweetens his Labour to
think when his course is done, and
his work at an end, he shall go and
rest his wearied neck in his *Thetis*
Lap ; As her life is sweet, so when
she dies, she expires like the *Phoenix*
all in spices, and leaves a per-
fume behind her.

The Wicked Woman,

IS a Basiliske, for with her eyes
she will look thee dead, and as
Archimedes Glasses were said to
burn Ships afar off, so her false
Opticks often fire at a distance;
At the first assaults of Lust, she
blusht, and wept, and her eyes
bewail'd the sad Conquests they
had made, till her Lover came
and wip'd away her tears, and
whisper'd his false story in her
eares, and she was charm'd, and
was willing first to be drawn by
the Cords of Vanity, and then
she could run without drawing,
and entice frail man to taste of her
Forbidden Fruit; So by degrees she
grew a proficient in Wickednesse,
and at last she committed sin with
E 4 greedinesse,

greedinesse, and as of a Viper, alwayes a Viper proceeds, so Lust brought forth Murder, and thus as her face was tainted with a false fucus, so was her Soul with the blood of her Infant; She is a strange kind of fortresse, that not onely yields without resistance, but also sues to be taken; She will out-vie Cupps with men, but whilst she Carouses others healths, she drinks away her own; Her body is often faire to a wonder, but by her wicked deeds she seems to confirm the Opinion of the Moors, that there are white Devils; Her chiefest pleasure is to catch young Birds and Fishes; but whereas in others the chiefest of their Art is in the subtil concealing of their snares, she hopes to catch most, when she most discovers hers; Her Locks are the lines, her bare Breasts

Breasts, the Baits wherewith she goes a Fishing, and hopes to catch some silly one with those Flesh-baits; sometime in a moment she catches her silly Prey; otherwhile like a cunning Angler, she lets the wanton Frie sport with the Bait, till they are taken in the Snare: Which having taken that which seems strangest, is that contrary to others, she only Strips them of their Skales, and so lets them goe; She is a strange kinde of Butcher that sells her own Flesh, and that for lesse then would buy a Calf; She is Loud and Stubborn, her Tongue is no sooner heard in the House, but like a Fatal Alarum Bell, it sets the whole Family in an Uproar; With a thousand Arts she indeavours to Hide and Prop the defects of Time, and Nature, but who will not judg that which
is

is so Be-patch't, a Ruinous Fabrick;
She is a *Salamander* that lives in the
Fire of Lust, an Ordinary open to
all comers; She may well be cal-
led the Weaker Vessel, he that
relies upon her, Launches his Ho-
nour in a Leaking Barke; She is
surely an Athiest, for Pleasure is
her God. *Bride-well* her Hell, and
the Constable or Marshal, all the
Devils she fears; Her Favour is
more Fatal then her Malice, for
that at most can but Kill thy Body,
but her Smiles will perswade thee
to destroy thy own Soul; the
burnings of Granado's, is a gentle
and Laimbent Fire, to that of her
Eyes; She perswades the silly
Youth to turn his Land into Gold,
till at last, she leaves him nothing
but the Water of Repentance and
Tears; Her Strength and Stomack
seem beyond Belief, for she will
swallow

swallow two Acres of Land for a Breakfast, and carries two more upon her Back; When she sayes she is your Servant, it is no Complement; She is a common Puddle, wherein every Stallion comes and Quenches his Thirst: Lastly, It is but a Just Judgment of God upon her, that she who would live in a hot house here, should live Eternally in one hereafter.

OF

THE FOUR
Quarters
 OF THE
Y E A R.

*Quid non in species secedere quatuor annum,
 Aspicias, ætatis peragentem imitamina nostra.*

OVIDIUS.

*Nam tener & lactens pueriq; similis ævo,
 Vere nova est, tunc herba nitens, & roboris experts,
 Terget & insolida est, & spe, delectat agrestes,
 Omnia tunc florent, florumq; coloribus almus,
 Ludit ager.*

THE Glorious Preparation
 which Dame Nature makes,
 declares

62 *Spring or Infancy.*

declares the Springs approach, that
 season wherein she layes in, and is
 delivered of her wonderful Births
 And the pretty Flower no sooner
 peeps out of the Bosome of its
 Mother, but it is Enamel'd with
 Pearly drops, a true Emblem of
 thy Infancy; for when thou wert
 first brought forth, thy Eyes
 distill'd with Tears, the forerun-
 ners of thy future Miserie; Now
 in this onely doth it resemble thee
 but as the Flower, is subject to be
 cropped by Beasts, to be Blast-
 ed with Winds, so is it in every ones
 power that passes by, to Ravish
 thy Life from thee; Afflictions and
 Sicknesse can Disroab thee of all
 thy Beauty, and see thou wert no
 sooner Born, but thou offendest
 the Flower ill prospers, and the
 Pretty Lilies droops its weake
 head, loaden with Dew and Tears
 Darknesse

Spring or Infancy. 63

Darknesse and Affliction surround thee, but canst thou but Repent, as the Comfortable Beams of the Morning Sun, dries up the Dewy Purples on the Lillies Cheeks; so will the Sun of Righteousnesse wipe away all Tears from thy eyes, and Dissipate those Clouds of Darknesse: It is thy Sins which Ecclipses the Sunshine of his Glorious Face. But perhaps thou mayst aske me, which of the Trees or the Flowers of the Field I would have thee Resemble? Not the Cedar, for that is the Ambitious Man, and besides it bears no Fruit; Nor the Birchen Tree, for that is the Tyrant, Gods Scourge; whose Crimson hue, shews it Delights in Blood. Nor the Lilly, for that is the Hipocrite, Faire without and Unsavory within; But it is the Rose I would have thee imitate, let
its

64. *Spring or Infancy.*

its Blushing Cheeks teach thee Modesty, its Prickles Watchfulness, and alwayes to stand upon thy Guard; the expanding its Leaves at the suns approach, thy Willingnesse to Receive thy Saviour; but above all, Matchlesse are its inward Vertues, such would I have thee, thy inward Graces, like that sweet Flowers, to surpasse thy outward Beauties. In this season all Nature seems to Rejoyce, the Fields are Diapred with Fragrant Flowers, Neptune Smiles, not one Wrinkle in his Front; The Lillies are Cloathed with Beauty above *solomons* Royalty; and thou least thou shouldst be left Naked; Intseat of thy Saviour, and he will Cloath thee with the Robes of Righteousnesse; let Penitent Tears be thy Pearls, make Bracelets of thy Folded Armes, and thus

Spring, or Infancy. 65

thus attired; Oh ! how lovely
wilt thou be in Gods sight? not
Solomon, or the Lillies of the Field,
did ever parallel thy Glory.

Oh teach thy Infant steps to
walk in the wayes of thy God ;
How fragrant is the budding Rose?
How sweet will the perfume of thy
Infant piety be to him? the very
Birds by their pretty warbling, the
purling Brooks by their sweet
murmurs, seem to caroll their
praises to their Maker; and wilt
thou be more ingrateful then
these? Oh! *Remember thy Creator*
in the dayes of thy Youth; Christ is
a Love with little ones, and bids
them come unto him; Ah ! he
will embrace thee in his Everlast-
ing Arms, and cherish thee in his
own Bosome; Do but thy indea-
mour, and he will Guide and Sup-
port thy weak feet, and thou wilt
F highly

66 *Spring, or Infancy.*

highly need his aide, for the young
 Bird is easily ensnared, and Satan
 will lay his baits for thee, sweet
 wines, and luscious delicates, to
 please thy taste, the charming layes
 of lascivious Syrens, to lull thee
 asleep, shew thee the Roses of their
 Cheeks, and Lillies of their hands
 and then aske thee if thou art
 afraid of a few flowers; But ah
 fly from them, for under those
 flowers lurks a Serpent. *Ulysses*
 gifts cannot be safe to *Troy*, and
 these are but his Gins, which
 thou art not wary will soon en-
 trap thee; but thou wilt say, the
 match is unequal, a child against
 such a potent Enemy; Oh! but
 thy Christ will gird thee with
 strength to cope with him; and
 then again thou dispairest because
 thy lusts are untamed, and perhaps
 dost say, what can a green hart

Apple please my Saviours tast, who
is altogether sweetness ? Oh ! but
he can sweeten the bitter waters
of *Marah* ; the sowre Apple by
time grows sweet and mellow, and
a clouded morne, may prove a glo-
rious day.

Summer, OR YOUTH.

OVIDIUS.

*transit in æstatem post, ver robustior Annus,
atque valens Juvenis, neque enim robustior ætas
ulla, nec uberior, nec quod magis ardeat ulla est.*

THe Sun and thou are climbing
towards the *Meridian* ; The
Birds

68 *Summer, or Youth.*

Birds by this time have chosen themselves Mates, & this being the greatest Act to felicity in this life; I can find no Nobler Example to follow then the Dove, that Emblem of innocent Love, looks not to the Richnesse and Gayety of her mates feathers, but to the sweet composure of its limbs, and the charming effects of his sweeter nature for him she will reject the gaudy Peacock; These two harmless ones will sweetly sit and bill, whilst the ravenous Vulture is engaged in wounds and quarrells; take heed lest being too covetous, thou sellest thy content for a little dross, and it may be to one who may prodigally spend it; chuse but pious and loving Consort, and be assured thou hast a Pearle worth the Worlds Treasure; And now being joyned in Hymens bonds

let the twining Vine teach thee,
how indissolvable the Marriage-
Knot is, for it will sooner suffer
its arm to be rent off, then to be se-
parated from the strikt Embrace
of its Beloved Elm; So must thou
leave all for thy Spouse, let nei-
ther the Iron teeth of time, or ne-
cessity be able to dissolve that knot;
But methinks, I see thee with ad-
miration gaze on the great ones
of the World, and sighest at thy
own lesse Glorious Condition, but
grieve not because thou art none
of those Loftier Cedars; true, thou
art low, but the lesse subject to
storms and Thunder, the high
Mountain is barren, tis the low Val-
ley, and Humble Heart, that brings
forth the best Fruit; And yet I
would have thy Contemplations
soare to Heaven; The Lark builds
her Nest on the ground, yet when

70 *Summer, or Youth.*

she sings, she Towers above the
 Clouds, as if she disdained Earth;
 Earth is unworthy the Larks Har-
 mony and thy thoughts, thou wilt
 not need the wings of a Dove, on
 the wings of Contemplation, thou
 wilt out-strip the Lark, and sooner
 reach Heaven; But let Heaven be
 the object of thy Meditations,
 which surpasses the Earth as much
 in Excellency, as in immensity
 Earth hath Flow'ers for its pave-
 ment, and Heaven Stars, or rather
 those Stars are the knotty ends of
 Heavens Tapistry; Ah! how Glo-
 rious then must those Mansions be
 whose superficies is so beautifull
 but all this cannot perswade thee
 to forsake thy darling World, thy
 wedges of Gold fasten thee to it,
 the arms and tresses of Lacivious
 Strumpets enchain thee, and thou
 unmindful of Heaven, carried on
 with

with thy Youthful heat, swimmest
in a Sea of pleasure; this Stage of
thy life seems delightfull to thee,
strewn with Perfumes and Flow-
ers, and thy Glass fill'd with Gol-
den Sands, and thou with the Ma-
rigold, in pride advancest thy glit-
tering Crown, but poor blossome,
whence springs this vain pride, is
it from thy Beauty? Alas, that
will soon fade, and no Rose will
sooner wither then that in thy
Cheeks; or from thy prosperous
Felicities? But how many sorrows
meet each minute to interrupt
them, which may soon turn thy
quiet calm into a storm? Or is it
from thy Valour, and frequent Vi-
ctories ore thy Foes? Oh! that
were better turned against thy self,
and thou shalt obtain more Glory
by subduing thy self, the little
World, then by being Conque-

rour of the great One ; Have a
care that neither Prosperities, nor
delight sooth thee into a security ;
How often is the pretty Nightin-
Gale, even whilst she sits, and
Carolls forth her sweet Layes,
kill'd by the Archer ; And we see
many in the midst of their jollity,
carried aloft on the wings of plea-
sure, shot by Death, and tumble
from the height of their mirth in-
to the grave ; Oh ! forsake the
World, and all her empty delights,
suck no longer her false breasts,
her milk is but sugar'd poison, thou
art now a man, and at these years,
it is time for thee to be wained.

AUTUMN, OR Manhood

OVIDIUS.

*Excipit Autumnus posito ferre Juvencæ,
Maturus mitisq; inter juvenemq; senemq;
Temperie medius.*

GONE are thy Mirthsome days,
Gthy Summer is done, till now
thou wert a young Sprig, and
the sweet Breath Zephyr onely
wanton'd with thy tender Leaves;
thou hast danc't out thy Youth in
Loves and Pleasures, but now it
is

74 *Autumn, or Manhood.*

is time for thee to bear Fruit; thou mayest trifle away no more hours, but as thy Years, so let thy Faith increase; endeavour that the Seeds of it may take firme Root in thy Soul; intreat the Sun of Righteousnesse to shine on it, omitt not sometimes to water it with a few Repentant Tears, and no doubt it will Prosper; And do not think to purchase Heaven by sitting still; how doth the little *Emmet* toil before she possesse her store; the Husbandman purchases his encrease with the sweat of his Brows; Heaven like the *Hesperian* Garden is guarded by a watchfull Dragon, and no coming to the golden Fruit, nor entring this Paradise, till thou hast Vanquished him: The Sheep yield their Silver Fleece to their Carefull Pastor; The Springs and Rivers pay their Tribute to the Sea;

Autumn, or Manhood. 75

Sea; and wilt thou return no Fruit?
either be barren or bear evil Fruit;
Oh no ! thou art now grown a
goodly tree, thy boughs are exten-
ded to Heaven, and canst now not
only be good thy self? but do good
unto others; Oh let the parched
Rose, the sun-burnt Traveller,
enjoy the comfort of thy shade;
Let the Mate-deprived Dove, the
Mournfull Widdow perch under
thy Roofe; Untwist not the weak
Wreathing Jvy from thy Armes,
but support the Poor and Needy;
but perhaps thou thy self art Poor
and Thirsty; and seest the Joyful
swain Feast on the Fruits of his
Happy Labour; O do thou but
ask of thy saviour, and he will
give thee of the Fountains of ever
Living Waters, Coelestial Manna,
and the Bread of Life to satisfie thy
Hunger; but some say the Meat is
sweetest

76 *Autumn, or Manhood.*

sweetest that is nearest the Bone,
and so thou mayest desire one:
Well then, take a Deaths Head, for
out of it, a Pious Man will pick
Heavenly Food. Oh here is a
Feast indeed! that great Shepheard
will not let his Sheep to want; for
he hath promised they shall feed
among the green and fat Pastures,
and that he will lead them to the
cooling Streams; from him thou
receivest all that thou hast, 'tis he
Communicates all those Blessings,
all those Beauties and Graces thou
Enjoyest; It is the Sun beams that
Damask the Apples Cheeks, and
it is the Sun of Righteousnesse that
makes thy Soul blush for its Sins;
White and Red are the Com-
pounds of an Earthly Beauty, and
White and Red Innocence, and
Pious shamfac'dness, are the chief-
est of the souls perfections. Christs
Beloved

Autumn, or Manhood. 77

Beloved Spouse was White and Ruddy, thou of thy self art Poore and Naked, if he do not Enrich thee; But thy *Autumn* is done, the trees begin to shed their leaves, and thou thy hairs; and now thou beginst by piece-meale to fall into the Grave; thou hast but one strain more to the top of thy Life, and that a Rotten one too; Age that subtile Thief steals swiftly on thee; Learn therefore willingly to submit thy spirit into thy Saviours hands, like the Corne, to fall and Kiss the Feet of him that cuts thee off, canst thou Murmur at him that doth but fell the tree to transplant it into a better soile; but above all things be prepared for thy end, that when thy houre comes, thou mayest fall like Fruit, full ripe for Heaven.

WINTER

WINTER,

OR

Old Age.

OVIDIUS.

*Iade senilis Hyems tremulo venit horrida passu,
Aut spoliata suos, aut quos habet alba capillos.*

That season is come that covers the ground and thy Head with Snow; the Lilies have lost their Milky hue; the Trees have nothing to hide their naked Armes; the Springs are Congealed, their Waves no more wanton with the Shoare, nor thy Blood

Winter, or Old Age. 79

Blood in thy Veins. See Worldlings, see; What is become of the Idoll thou so much Adorest? Where are all those charming Beauties which shin'd in thy Face? that Face which some have called a little Heaven, wherein thy Eyes like two Suns Displai'd their Beams; but now alas thy Heaven is Clouded, thy Suns are eternally Ecclip'd, and nothing remains of thy beautiful Fabrick, but the gastly Ruines, so Fraile is Serene Beauty; thy Life at longest was but a span, but how short a space of that span hast thou to Live? Old Wood soon Blazes out, soon will thy shortened Tapour sink into its Urne; now or never is the time for thee to be Fruitfull; if thou prodigally wastest this thy last inch of thy Tapour, thou art irrecoverably lost; The Lillie Withers, but with the
next

80 *Winter, or Old Age.*

next Spring wil appear in a fresher beauty; but if thy sun set in a Cloud, it will never more arise. See, see the Heavens weep for thee, and seem to shew thee thy duty, the violent blasts that *Boreas* sends from his swollen Cheeks, intimate that thy sighs should be fervent; Its distilling in plentiful showers, that those eyes which in thy youth were Lustfull flames, should now be trickling Fountains; Oh! quench those Flames with Penitent Tears; hast thou mispent thy time, yet dispaire not, if thou wilt return, there is mercy for thee; those tears are pearls of vallue enough to redeem thy time? What if time have Furrowed thy Face; Plowed Land the better bears Fruit; but methinks I hear thee say, What must Trees bear Fruit in Winter? Oh yes! Man is a Tree must bear

in

Winter, or Old Age. 81

in all the Seasons, especially in the
Winter of his Age, and shall ei-
ther for being fruitful be trans-
planted into Heavens Garden,
there eternally to flourish, or else
for his Barrenesse, be hewen
down for the Devils Fire; But
alas! thy heart is colder then
the Season, the curled stream is
stocket up in Ribs of ice, and that
is frozen; Oh! beg of the Sun of
Righteousnesse to shine on it, and
he will dissolve thy Icy heart, and
make it flow into streams of Righ-
teousnesse; Time hath silver'd thy
haire, do thou silver thy time; and
though in thy Youth, like the sil-
ver Swan, thou wert a stranger to
Harmony, yet at the last thou must
either like her sing melodiously, or
howle in Hell for ever; Summon
together all thy strength, all that
thou hast of pious in thee, that

G

thou

82 *Winter, or Old Age.*

thou mayest expire like the dying
 Tapour in a Glorious Blaze; Oh
 let the sweetest be at the bottome
 if the sand of thy Youths-Glasse
 were of Gold, that of thy old age
 is powder of Rubies, every grain
 of it is worth a Universe, and doe
 thou so slightly value this Inesti-
 mable Jewel; Is this a time for
 thee to dance lustful measures
 when every minute thou mayest
 dance into thy Grave? when like
 an aged tree, with every wind thou
 totterest, when every sickness
 shakes thy very heart-strings, take
 heed for if Death catch thee dan-
 cing; the flying bird is the fairest
 mark, and that black Archer will
 not neglect his advantage, and
 thou mayest caper into Hell.

Historical

Applications.

*Quocumque tempore non cogitaveris
Deum, puta illud tempus amisisse.*

I.

HENRY the fifth King of *England*,
in his Younger years was a
most Dissolute Prince, addicted to
Robberies, and many other lewd
Practises, which made the world
guesse by these pretty Tyrannies,
those High ones, he would after-
wards commit ; But this Crooked
Twig, prov'd as Goodly an Oake,
as ever grew in *Brittains* Forrest,
for when he came to be King, he
forsook both them, and all those of

his Companions that would not turn over a new leaf with him.

I have spent the best part of my Youth in pleasures, Oh ! that I could now with this good King devote the rest of my dayes, unto the service of my God; When I was a Child, I did like a Child, but now I am a Man, I will do like a Man; then I was Ignorant, but now I have reason to Consider, that all things here below are Vanity. Therefore will I leave off my Drunkenesse, to tast of the Fountains of ever Living Waters, in comparison of which, the best of Wines, are as the bitter waters of *Marah*; I will forsake my Gluttony to tast of the Bread of Life. My Christ shall be my Riches, I will contemn the Worlds Delights, that I may enjoy him for my Spouse; is there any beauty in them

them? Oh! but he is more lovely,
the choicest of ten thousand; The
fairest earthly Beauties, in compa-
rison of Him, are but blear-eyed
Leahs; tis he only is the lovely
Rachel, that deserves our seven
Years, yea all our lifes Service.

2

THe Fabulous Poets report of
Ixion, that in his Lustful heat,
thinking to embrace an armfull of
pleasure, in the enjoyment of fair
Juno, was deceived, and found it
but a mist.

Thus foolish man pursues, fleet-
ing delights for realities, and per-
swades his heart that he shall long
enjoy them; He grasps the mist in
his armes, but alas, he will find
that their glittering gayeties will
disappear; His shining Taper will
out in a snuffe, his pleasing dream
will pass away, his Syrens Song

G 3

will

will end, his *Juno*, his Darling pleasure will vanish into smoak, and prove at last sowre like the Grapes of *Sodom*, or like those Apples which are said to turn into ashes if but touched; so will they, and we shall have nothing left of them, but their Cinders to increase our Torments in Hell.

3.

Cæsar after his Victories, and Glorious Triumphs, was murdered in the Senate-House; *Herod* in the midst of his Glory, eaten up by Worms; *Swedelands* Mirrour cut off by Death, in the strength of his Years.

Alas! what a vain thing is man, a meer bubble, a walking shadow, one blow cuts his thred in twain, one little bullet stops his breath, one sicknesse pulls him into his Grave; it is most certain, that we

shall

shall all take up our Lodging in
 Deaths darke Retiring-room, the
 Grave; but nothing more uncer-
 tain then the time, when? Oh!
 that we could therefore be always
 about that taske which we have
 here to doe, like the *Heliotropium*,
 still turning towards our sun, Our
 Sun of Righteousnesse: Thus if we
 live whereas the Wastage of the
 Wicked out of this world, is Stor-
 my and Tempestuous, and are rou-
 zed by the Horrors of never dy-
 ing Torments; our shall be calm
 and gentle: Our Deaths will prove
 but a short sleep, and when we a-
 wake, we shall finde our selves in
Abrahams bosome, incompassed
 with incomparable Felicities.

4.

MEN whilest they are in this
 World, do but play the Indu-
 strious Bee, always buzzing about,
 seeking

seeking some Flower, some occasion by which they may encrease their Stock: their chiefeft Garden is the Exchange, to which they in Numbers resort, there it is they meet with most bargains, and from thence with loaded thighs they fly unto their Hives or Houses.

Thus should the Life of every Christian be, could we be but as wise for Heaven as we are for the World; with the *Emmet*, carry but one grain of corn, do but one Pious deed a day; this day draw a line of Christian Charity, that of Obedience, and another day of Humility, we should soon draw the whole Image of our saviour in our souls; and at the years end, finde our spiritual treasure encreased to a massy heap. Heavens Exchange-Royal is the Church, for there we may hear glad tidings of our Coelestiall

ca- celestial affairs; there we shall be
ease sure to meet with good bargains;
den it is there only that the Exchange
y in never falls, but is always at a high
they Rate: for a few odd pence be-
rom stowed in Alms, we shall receive
y fly innumerable Treasures; for a few
trickling penitent Tears, Inestima-
very ble Jewels; and for a few old
t as rags given to the needy, the
the Cloathing of a Glorious Immor-
rry tality.

5.

Z*Enxis* a Famous Painter, Pour-
traying a Vine and a Man by it
on the same Tablet, the Grapes were
so exquisitely drawn, that the de-
ceived Birds flew and peckt them;
yet by this we may see, that though
Art may Imitate, yet it is farr
short of Nature; for had he drawn
the Man so well to the Life, they
would have been more afraid of
him,

him, then allured by the Grapes;
Art may Pourtray a Rose of a fresh
Carnation, but compare its Beau-
ty to a reall one, of how faint a die
it will seem to the others native
Crimson.

And yet how many have we in
this age who daube over the works
of Nature, and think to borrow a
Beauty from a few colours: but
poor souls, do they think to mend
Gods work? hath thy God com-
manded thee, *Not to make unto thy
self any Graven Image, or the like-
nesse of any thing,* and doest thou
make one of thy self? could
you but see how like unskillfull
Painters, you marr what you
would mend. Tis satan presents
you with a false mirrour, wherein
that seems faire, which indeed is
deformity it self; did you but see
your selves in Vertues Glasse; you
would

would confesse that a *Moore* with his Darke-lanthorn-face, is a farr more Reall and Lovely Beauty then yours : Christs Spouse went not thus disguis'd, he will never know you with such a vizzard on, neither shall those have any share in his Victory, who wear and serve under the Devils Colours.

6.

Sinon was a Crafty *Greecian*, most expert in the Art of dissembling: This *Sinon* by his Deceit, and Feign'd tears perswaded the Credulous *Trojans* to draw in the Wooden Horse, and with it their Ruine.

Every Fair shew must not be trusted, for *Cain* could friendly parley with his Brother, and slay him; And *Judas* come with a Haile Master in his mouth, and betray his Lord : Man busies himself
to

to invent mischief, and with dissimulation covers his snares; His heart is crooked and full of guile, a forge of iniquity, a mint wherein lies are coyn'd to deceive the Innocent; He sings thee asleep, as *Mercury* did *Argus*, that he may slay thee; In the one hand he carries a Rose, wherewith smiling in your face, he pleasingly tickles your nose; in the other a Dagger to stab thee to the heart: In thee therefore Oh my God will I put my Confidence, for Just and True are thy wayes, and all thy paths are Righteous.

7.

IT is said of *Demosthenes*, that being to deliver an Oration to the People in the Market-Place, he had very few Auditors, whereupon he whooping, whistling, and acting the Fool, the People prest
in

in great numbers to see him, when he rebuking their folly, got them by this device to stay and hear his Eloquent Oration.

And alas! how thin are our Churches now a dayes? How few come to hear Gods divine Orations, and were every one to give a shilling or two in Alms when they come to Church, as they do to see a Stage-play, I fear our Temples would have fewer Auditors then they have; whereas at a Comedy, the thronged Theaters almost crack with numbers. Thus can we lay out our money, for that which is not Bread; and mens perverse hearts are so stubborn, that scarce any persuasions can prevaile to draw them from this folly: Fools thus to dispise Cœlestial Manna, for dirty crums, and the sacred word of a God, for a few

few humane inventions.

8.

T*her sites* was of such a curriſh disposition, that he was always barking at those who had done him no injury; he could not see *Ulyſſes*, but he must term him Coward; nor *Menelaus*, but he must beat him with his broken Ribb, with his Wives dishonour.

Just thus have I seen some sit snarling all the day at others; they whet their Tongues to pierce the sides of the Innocent: they cannot see a man passe by without casting some of their filth upon him; but give me, Oh my God, a quiet Conscience! the best Antidote against their poison, then shall I injoy a continual Feast within me, although their Malice seek the disturbance of my Peace; and at length, their Calumnies shall re-

turn

turn upon their own heads; That pitch wherewith they intended to blurr my Innocency, shall stick upon their own fingers; then shall I Triumph in my Innocency, but they be ashamed of their hatred and folly.

9.

WE read, that *Æsops* Cock finding a Pearle, contemned it for one Barley Corn: Christ is our Precious Pearle; but alas! how many reject him for a little worldly gain? How many will sell their Saviour for a lesse price then did *Judas*? but oh my God! grant that I may endeavour, yea give all I have to purchase this Pearle, then shall I prove a happy Merchant; for none but those who have this Pearle shining in their Bosomes, can enter Heaven. That is the Sacred Badge by which *St. Peter* knows who he
is

is to let enter those Everlasting Gates. Let Worldling scrape this Dunghill World, but I, when I have got this Pearle, my Christ, have attained such riches, to which theirs is but Drosse and Dung.

10.

*D*io*genes* was a man so much despising Riches, y being proferd great Wealth by *Alexander*, he bid him stand out of the Sun-shine, as being a comfort, that all his Riches could not bring him; He chose a Tub for his Pallace, a Wooden dish was all his Household-stuffe, and Water and Herbs his chiefeſt Sustainance: Though some may take this for a Tale of a Tub; yet surely it is a great example of a Generous and Moderate life, which without doubt was full of a perfect Tranquility. His minde was calm, not like the Merchants tossed with

with every Wind more then his Ship, nor alarm'd with Thieves seeing he had nothing but his Wooden dish to loose; and Christians may be ashamed to be so farr out-gone by a Heathen in Morral Vertue: but yet we finde this *Dio- genes*, whose diet was so spare to desire the unchaste embraces of a *Lais*; Ah! how then doth the Pampring of our bodyes now a dayes put oyle to the flame, and increase our natural lustful desires; It is a worthy sentence of *Hesiod*, that half is better then the whole; one dish will serve nature better then ten, for with our many Courses, we course away our Health; though Bread and Water be all my Food, as long as the Sun of Righteousnesse shines on me, I will not envy *Sardanapalus* all his daints of the Sea and Land.

H

Scripture

Scripture

Applications.

*This Book of the Law shall
not depart out of thy Mouth
but thou shalt Meditate therein
Day and Night.*

I.
UNmatchable was the strength
of *sampson*, yet could he not
withstand the charming allure-
ments of *Delilah*; but by her trea-
chery, his so admired strength was
brought to nought.

How

Scripture Applications. 99

e How carefull therefore ought we to be, to eschew the company of these subtrill charmers, to stop our ears to these *Syrens* Harmony: doth their pleasing Warbling Ravish thee? Oh! consider their Lustfull Laves will lull thee a sleep to thy ruine: Doest thou admire them for their Lilly hands? Know that therewith they will lead thee to all uncleannesse: Perhaps their Golden Locks may ensnare thee, but be assured, that every curle is a chain to hold thee to thy sin: Or if their twinkling eyes have bewitched thee, consider them as false Lights, as the fatall Funeral piles of thy honour and chastity; thy Saviour had not whereon to lean his Head, and wilt thou rest on a downy Bed with thy lewd Minion: Oh no! but reject these Delilah's, since they like *Sylla* and *Charybdis*,
H 2 miserably

miserably Shipwrack all those that approach them.

2.

N*Aaman* Captain of the Host of *Assyria* was a Leaper, who was Cured by *Elisha*, by being dipt seven times in the River *Jordan*.

Most Leaprous is my soul, wash it therefore, Oh my Saviour! in the *Jordan* of thy blood; but are not *Abana* and *Pharphar* Rivers of *Damascus*, better then the Streams that flow from thee? Oh no! they may wash the filth from our bodies, but never from our souls. Tis only the Rivolet of thy blood can make us perfectly clean: Oh! be thou my Jesus, or the Physitian to my sick soul, and heal me; and for my Cure, I will not return thee money, or coyne, nor offer up unto thee Sheep, or Oxen; but Prayers, Thanks, and Tears; Sacrifices
most

most acceptable unto thee; Incense which smells sweetest in thy Nostrills.

3.

VWhen the *Israelites* abode in *Shittim*, the Daughters of *Moab*, allured them to commit Whoredoms; and thence we see a sad story of *Cozby*, arise; who was slain in the lustful embraces of her Lover, in the sight of all the Congregation.

And yet how many Daughters of *Moab* have we in these dayes; Ah! how many *Delilahs*, which wear the Sun of Darknesse in their Faces, and I fear to in their hearts; who prefer a white Cheek or a Cherry Lip, before the beauty of Holinesse it self; and which covet no other Heaven, but their Lovers Armes. Fools thus for a moment of fading pleasures, to purchase

everlasting Torments: For let them know, their Patches do not Beautifie their Faces, but set so many black spots upon their Souls; their Anointing and Painting, causes them to slide the quicker into Hell; and their Pouders and Perfumes, do but make them a daintier bit for Divels.

4.

VWhen *Goliath* Encountred *David*, he was Armed with a *Helmet* of *Brasse*, and a *Coat of Maile*, with a *Sphear* like a *Weavers Beam*; but on the contrary, *David* comes in the Name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the Armies of *Israel*; and thus with a *Sling* and a *Stone* only, he Slays this mighty *Phylistine*.

Victory is in the hand of God, and in vain is the strength of man without his assistance: if God be

on

on thy side, let not the number of Enemies dismay thee, for he can defend his *Elisha* with Charriots of fire, and save his *David* both out of the Paw of the Lion, and out of the Hand of the *Phylistine*: He that comes in the name of the Lord of Hosts, is sufficiently armed against all Encounters; thus Guarded, I'll not fear the World, the Flesh, no nor Satan himself, for when the Tempter comes, I will meet him with my Saviours answer; [*It is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him onely shalt thou serve;*] This, this is the way with these Weapons, with *David* I will strike the Monster in the forehead and slay him.

5.

S Infull *Sodom* sinned against God, and Just God Punished *Sodom*; But what was

H 4 wretched

wretched *Sodom's* sin, which hath not been in our habitations? what Crime did miserable *Gomorrhah* perpetrate, which we have not committed? *Niniveh* in forty days, could Repent at the Preaching of one *Jonas*, and we not in fourty years, though hundreds thunder daily in our ears, the eminent Judgments of God upon us. Purples and Silks are the Sackcloth, and Powders and Perfumes the Ashes which we Repent in. Ah! our God, we have justly deserved, that thou shouldst make our Land a place of dead mens Sculls, an Island encompassed with her own Blood. Once, what Land more Righteous then *England*? and alas! now who more sinfull? she was once the Daughter of Nations, the joy and perfection of the whole Earth; but now her Beauty

Beauty is departed from her, she is black, but no more comely : Lord we were once thy Darlings, as dear unto thee as the Apple of thine eye; Oh ! therefore do not leave us nor forsake us, but draw us with the Cords of thy Love, that we may once more run after thee; Poure the Oyle of thy Mercy into our Souls, and heal us, that thou again mayest be our God, and we thy People.

6.

WHen I call to mind my Christs Death, I cannot but admire the goodness of my Saviour, that he the Son of the King of Kings, should suffer his precious side to be pierced with a Spear; His Sacred Temples, those beds of sweetest Spices to be rent and torn, and all to preserve me from destruction : But must no less
then

then the blood of the King of Heaven be the Balm to heal our wounded Souls? Shall my Jesus shed forth more drops of Blood then I shed tears? Shall he be Crucified for me, and I not Crucifie my Sins? Ah no! I will not be ingrateful to such a Saviour, to such a sweet Redeemer; But I will bath my self in Repentant Tears, I will weep day and night because of my sins, my mouth shall continually Praise my ever Blessed Redeemer.

7.

WE Read, that though the Prodigall had spent his Wealth in Riot, yet when he came to his Father with the confession of his fault in his mouth, he not onely pardons him, but kills a fatted Calf, for joy of his return, and receives him gladly.

Men cannot be readier to sin,
then

then God to forgive a penitent Sinner; Art thou turn'd Prodigal and hast forsaken thy Heavenly Fathers House, spent thy Cœlestial Treasure by turning his Grace into Wantonnesse? Yet if thou wilt at length return, Oh! he will Receive thee with Embraces of Love, and kisse thee with the kisses of his mouth; yea there will be rejoycing in Heaven, and it will be a day worthy an Angels joy, wherein a Son is new born to the King of Glory: Dispair not then, Oh my Soul! to find pardon at the hands of thy Mercifull Father, it is in his power alone to make a Blackamore white; nay wert thou stai'd as much as was *Manasses* that made the Temple flow with innocent blood; if thou wilt but wash thy wounds with penitent tears, he will poure the oyle of his mercy into them, and heal thee.

8.

THe poor Widdow casting but two Mites into the Treasury, was more praised by our Saviour, then those Rich men which cast plentifully of their Abundance.

It is not the largeness of Almes, but the freeness of heart by which it is given; not the length of Prayer, but its fervency that is pleasing unto God; The short but humble Petition of the Publican was sooner accepted, then the long vain Glorious Prayer of the Pharisee; and the Widdows two Mites before the Rich mens great gifts; Let the Wealthy cast in of their Abundance, but I, though I cannot with *Solomon* Sacrifice thousands of Oxen, yet will I endeavour to offer up unto thee my heart; This Lord is the Mite I give thee, give thee did I say? Alas! that was thine

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thine before, and I must pay thee
Tribute with thine own Coyne;
But I have so defac't the Image of
the Great *Cæsar* of Heaven, which
was stamped on it, that thou wilt
scarce know it for thine own; yet
Lord if I can sincerely tender it to
thee, even this dispised Mite thou
wilt not contemn.

9.

CHrist going to see *Jerusalem*,
Rode thither not in one of
Cæsars Glittering Charriots, but on
an Humble Ass; The King of
Kings, he that Rides in Triumph
on the Clouds, he that Sits mount-
ed on Cherubins, dained to Ride
on an Ass, and surely a better Tri-
umph then any of the *Cæsars*; and
by this we may see how far above
all men he was meek, whose Tri-
umph the subject of our greatest
pride, was more humble then o-
thers

thers humblest actions; and wherefore did he thus debase himself, but to teach us Humility? what do we see in our selves to be proud of? Is it our frailty, or because we are born of the dust? How goodly a thing it is to see a poor worm, a clod of dust, clad in the pomps of the silk worms spoils, to vaunt it self? Oh! our God give us humble Souls; Pride and Ambition puffs up the heart of man, and the path to Heavens gate is too narrow for the swelling ambitious Soul to walk in; those who in their own conceits are goodly *Cædars*, in Gods are but despised Shrubs, fit stubble for Hells Fire.

10.

HOly *Peter* by that Excellent Sermon of his Crucified Saviour, converted thousands to the Faith.

Great

Applications.

III

Great *Orpheus*, who with the Musick of thy tongue, didst not only make Trees, and Stones, but very Beasts to dance; Those Breasts which were Barbarous, and Raging like a Tempestuous Sea, thou madest smooth as the brow of a Cherubin: Thy Saviours words are now true, thou art become a Fisher of Men, and hast taken no less then three thousand at a draught; If this be so, what then is the reason, that instead of having three thousand converted at a Sermon, I fear we have three thousand Sermons, and scarce one converted? Have the Dispensers of the Word now a dayes less skill in Angling for Souls, then this Blessed Fisher? Oh no! surely it is the hardness of our hearts, which were they not more obdure then Stones, the Hammer of the Word would

would break them; were we not exceeding secure, those Sons of thunder would waken us, not deader then Adders, those Sacred Charmers would Charm us.

OCCASIONAL

Applications.

*Vel bonas cogitationes alat animus, vel statim malas
extinguat.*

^{1.} *On a Withered Rose.*

THis Flower in the Gayeties of her Youth, was Fresh and Glittering like a New Married Bride; but being Coy, and Self-conceited, She defended her self from

Applications.

113

not of
lea-
red
L from all those that would crop her,
with her prickles; At last time,
blasting her Orient hue, she is re-
jected of all, and stands in a corner
unregarded, bedewing her Cheeks
each Morn for her former folly :
Thus Lord in the pride of my
youth have I disdained thee, thou
hast wooed me till thy locks were
wet with the dew of Heaven, thou
didst promise to transplant me in-
to thy Garden, water me with thy
tears, and nourish me under the
shadow of thy wings; Oh! what
a happy flower had I then been, but
like a sullen Rose stubbornly de-
nyed, Crucified thee afresh, and
prickt thy fingers : I knew Lord
that the Offering of the first Fruits
were most pleasing unto thee, that
the blooming Rose, and early
morning virtues, smelt sweetest in
thy nostrills; Yet have I continued
I in

in sin, whilst I was able to sin, and now return unto thee because I can sin no more; Whilst my Tapour was long, and its flame shining as the Lamp of Heaven; I spent my Light in Satans Court, and now come to burn my Snuff in thy Palace; Oh! that my head were waters, and my eyes Fountains of tears, that I might weep night and day for my Youths follies; Oh! how justly may I fear that thou wilt refuse Satans leavings, that because in my Youth I rejected the things that did belong unto my peace, that now they are hid from my eyes: Is a wrinckled Beauty a fit Spouse for the King of Glory? Will he inhabit Ruines? But Lord thou art merciful, if our Return be hearty, we can never come too late unto thee; therefore will I not dispair to be admitted, amongst
that

that Blessed Posy of Flowers,
which thou wilt place in thine own
Bosome.

2.

The Fly in the Candle.

THIS Fly, and Ambitious *Icarus*,
soaring too nigh its Sun, the
Candle, scorches its wings, and so
perishes.

Thus too many poor Christians
dallie with Hell, and nibble too
long till they are taken with the
snare, they deem the day far off,
and themselves secure, though at
the brink of the Burning Lake;
they take an *Ignis Fatuus* for their
Guide, and never consider that it
leads unto Pitts or Precipices;
With the Fly, the Light of the
Candle, Lusts flames seem pleasing

to them, but they are unmindfull that they will burn them : Thus miserable wretches buzzing too nigh the fire their wings are scorched, and they perish; too much Sun shine, too many Pleasures so blind their eyes, that they cannot see their danger, and so are precipitated into the Pit.

3.

On a Blotted Paper.

PAPER whilst fair serves for many good uses, but being once blotted, is not fit to have Characters upon it, but onely to supply some servile Occasion, or the Fire.

Hath not God Created most of us a fair sheet, pure and without blemish? and shall our pride commaculate

maculate our faces with patches; every patch we wear is a blur in the fair story of our lives? and where do we think there is space for God to set his Impressions, and Characters upon us, to mark us out for his, being already blotted, and full of the Devils stamps; Our bodies are the Temples of the Holy Ghost, and shall we thus Soil them? Oh no! for God will never dwell in such defiled lodgings, Christ will never own us for his, seeing the mark of the Beast in our Foreheads; But that Immaculate Lamb will separate such spotted Goates from his unblemisht Sheep, with a depart from me you workers of Iniquity, I know you not.

4.

The Sow in the Mire.

A Brutish Nature will alwayes act accordingly, nothing can perswade a silly Swine from its nasty Mire, nay were a Bed of Doves Feathers set before it, it would rather chuse to wallow in its filth, then repose in it, although it often meets with a stone which molests its imaginary rest.

What a true Emblem of a worldling is this? for oh! how it tickles his fancy to wallow in the Mire of sin? Earth is his delight, he is alwayes tending to the Ground his thoughts, his Meditations are all Earthly, as if his Creator had not made his countenance erected, but groveling downwards like these
brute

brute Beasts : He will not be withdrawn, although he often meets with a stone, and his dainties have too soure a sauce, for he cannot laugh heartily but the tears will stand in his eyes; Thus the best of Earthly Felicities have a tart farewell, yet will he not forsake them, but prides himself in his sports, and like the Swine, because he sees them not, he thinks himself Beautiful; But the wise-mans eyes see how vilely he is bedaubed: Lord we are all vile and filthy, Oh! do thou wash us in thy Sons Blood, and then though we are never so unclean, we shall be white as Snow.

5.

On the Whipping of a top

THe oftner the Child strikes the Top, the better it spins, but if the stroke be omitted, of it self it ceaseth to go, if too violent it over-turns it.

Thus Lord is it with us, as long as thy Rod of Affliction lies on us, we go and walk the better in thy wayes; the more stripes thou givest, the more prayers send we up unto thee; But often when thou ceasest scourging of us, then we cease glorifying of thee: But oh! my Saviour remember the smart of thy own Stripes, and so have pity on mine; Consider Lord, what a powerfull Arm sets on the blow, thou needest not whet thy Sword
to

to destroy a broken and bruised
Reed; but chear up, Oh my Soul!
thy Prayers are heard; me thinks
I see my Jesus Mediating for me,
and smiling in his Fathers Face, in-
terposes his hand betwixt every
blow; thou hast such an Advocate,
as cannot, will not be denied; when
he undertakes thy sute, thou
mayest boldly presume of Pardon.

6.

*On a Fleet of Ships in
the Night.*

SEE with what a nimble security
the Fleet glides through the
Bosome of the deep, though Dark-
ness surround it, and Rocks on
each side threaten Destruction;
guided onely by the skill of the
Pilot, and the little light in their
Admirall.

Our

Our Saviour that Blessed *Pilot*, hath made the most perfect discovery of the new *Jerusalem* unto us; and if we will but follow his course, we shall finde sufficient Light in him to guide us; and who can doubt of a Prosperous Voyage, having such a Pilot: canst thou fear Storms, when both the Wind and the Sea obey him; or Pyrats, when he hath already carried away that grand Pyrat the Devill, captive in Chains. Oh my Jesu! Thou *Cœlestial Palinurus*, do thou steer, for thou onely canst do it, this crazy Barke of my Soul, Securely through all Enemies, by all Rocks, by *Scylla* and *Charybdys* the Devill and the Flesh, till it arrive at Heaven, the Saints *Indies*; where is such Treasure, as Eye hath not seen, Eare hath not heard of, neither hath it entred into the Heart of Man to conceive. 7. On

7.

*On the dropping of
the Eaves.*

VVonderful are the Effects
of these little drops of
Water, for they falling on a Stone,
not onely soften it, but wear it a-
way.

Lord, I have a Flinty, Rocky
Heart; Ah! do thou let fall the
Drops of thy Grace and soften it,
till it bow's in Obedience unto
thee; What Heart so Stubborn,
which the Distillations of thy
Mercy cannot make pliable. But
yet alas! we see to our sorrow,
that though thy Mercies come un-
to some, rather like Showers then
by Drops, yet are they not at all
Molified,

Mollified, but rather Hardned in their Obstinacy towards thee; *Stony ground, Barren Souls, which such sweet showers cannot make fruitful*; for every little favourable blast puffs them up, and they think their Causes must needs be Just because they Prosper; but let them not deceive themselves, for they are but Exalted with wofull *Capernaum*, to the Heavens; that their fall may be the greater into Hell.

8.

On a Ship-Wrack.

P^Oore Passengers in a Storm, being Ship Wrackt by the Furious Sea; know not where to turn in their Distresse, but unto the same Rock, which was the cause of their Destruction. Lord,

Lord, thy Waves and thy Billows have gone over me; Oh! whither, whither shall I turn but unto thee? Lord, I know that if thou doest lead me through the Wilderness Hungry and Thirsty, thou canst Rain down Manna from Heaven, and draw Water out of the Rocks for me, if one of thy Hands is arm'd with a Rod, in the other thou hast the Balm of *Gilead*; thou Lord art the strong Tower of *Israel*, and the Rock of *Jacob*; under the Shaddow of thy Wings I shall Rest secure: the Winds may blow, and the Seas swell, but all their Rage shall prove but Froth: he that relies on any other defence trusts to a Fort of Sand, which the least winde scatters; tis thou Lord alone, art able to deliver my Soul out of the deep Waters.

^{9.} *The Castle.*

MAn is a Fortresse, Beleaguerd
All his Life with Armies of
innumerable sins, and Satan is their
Captain-General. His Forces are
devided into three Squadrons; The
first is composed of Scarlet Troops,
and under these, fight Blood-thir-
stinesse, Revenge, and Murder;
and these commonly take the For-
tresse by Storme. His second Squa-
dron hath black Ensignes, under
which fight Dispair, and he gives
a furious Assault; Next comes Co-
vetousnesse, who seeks to Bribe and
Betray the Fortresse, and with
these are all other deeds of Dark-
nesse; but his third Squadron have
White Ensignes, and under these,
are

are all catching Pleasures and Allurements; Ambition, Fame, Pride, Riot, and Lasciviousnesse: 'Tis these that come with the white Flag of Truce, and yet mean War; tis these that seem to be the least considerable Troops, and yet the most to be feared; tis these lay all the Ambushes, with these are his Artillery, and that is Woman; out of the Loop-holes of her eyes, she discharges her murderers; this is the fatal Flame that sets the whole Fortresse on fire, and besides these, that he may not omitt any thing on his part, he hath intelligence within, even thy own thoughts; thou thy self art foe to thy self, and Satan beats thee with thy own Weapons; but that which shews the height of his Policy is, that he will be sure to storm the Fort in the Weakest place: but do thou Jesu
stand

stand in the breach, and repell him back; do thou Man the Castle with Assurance and Constancy; Strengthen Faith, that it may keep its Ground; cause Repentance to open the Flood-gates of his Eyes, and drown its Foes; and thus shall the Siege be raised, and thou remain Conquerour and Faithfull Souldier to the King of Heaven, who will reward thy Victory with a Wreath of Glory.

10.

The Ship.

THIS World is a Sea, Man is the weak Barke that is tossed in that Restlesse and Stormy Ocean; our hands are two of the Oares that Row us thither, and every good Deed we Act, we fetch a Stroak

Stroak towards Heaven; and the Almighty Spirit is the gentle Blast that fills our Sails, for without it we are becalm'd. He that sails with the Tide glides towards Hell; *Orphans* sighs, are the winds that drive him swiftly on, he hath often a merry Gale, and he seldom thinks on the sadnesse of his Voyage, till he almost arrive at the Dismal Haven of Death; and though God the Searcher of Hearts, who knows if he liv'd longer, whether he would steer a new course, may pardon him; yet this is dangerous, and he often Miserably Perishes. But he that will steer in a direct course to Heaven, must Saile against the Tide, and he must always be Rowing; for whilest he is idle, the stream carries him backwards; he will often meet with a thousand Impediments in

K

his

his Voyage. Though Historians doubt whether there be any *Syrens*, yet in this sea he will meet with many. Riches is the *Fatall Remora*, which sticks to the bottom of the Vessel and hinders its course; but above all, he must have a care he doth not Shipwrack himself against the White Rock of a Womans Breast. And besides these, he shall meet with other Storms, which will drive him back again; but he must Wastle with these difficulties, and tug against the Stream, and if he chance to overcome the Tempest; *Zephyrus* gently filling his Sailes, and he enjoys Peace and Tranquillity; let him consider, that after the wanton play of *Porpoises* there comes a Storm, and therefore repair the Breaches which the Tempest hath made; hath Dispair enterd? cast
it

it out and resume thy Anchor of Hope; and at last thy Voyage shall be Prosperous, and thy Barke shall unlade its Pretious Freight in the Bosome of its Saviour, that Great Factor of Souls; who will Treasure it in his Cœlestial Store-house, and binde it up amongst his Jewels to all Eternity.

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